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The Lebanon Express.

J. H. STINE & CO., Publishers

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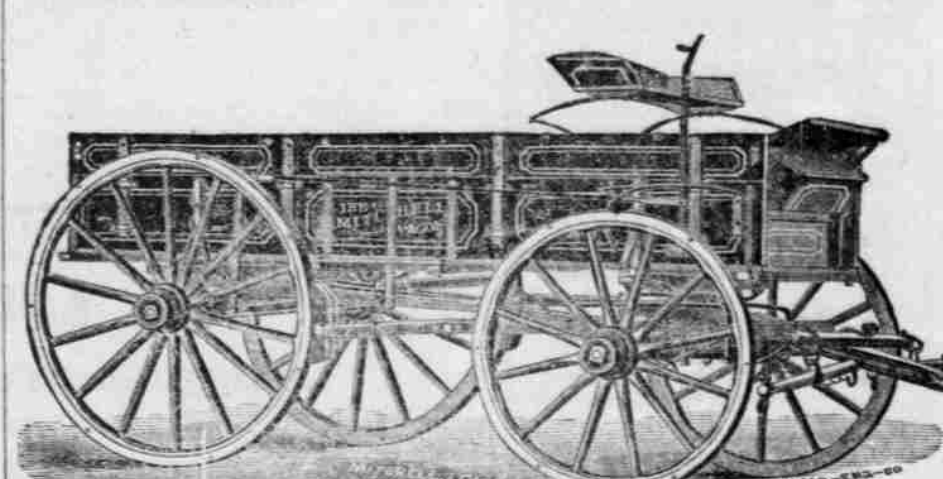
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LEBANON OREGON.

A REVIEW.

Let us sit down, my soul, in the twilight,
And take up the past in review:
Let us balance accounts with the Old Year
Before we begin with the New.

There are moments we've squandered or wasted,
Bright hours which we can not recall,
And the book-keeper Time, in his day-book,
Has carefully noted them all.

Has he charged us with cruel words spoken,
With acts and intents to deceive?
Are there hearts that our conduct has broken
And who o'er our faithlessness grieve?

Have we turned from the cry of the needy,
Nor heeded the sufferer's call?
Have we walked in the path of the tempter,
And hissed when the weaker would fall?

Is the book-keeper Time, to our credit,
Some kindness has marked by the way,
Some burdens we've striven to lighten,
Some griefs we've tried to allay?

Is by labor and kindness we've lifted
Some outcast from darkness and sin,
And sought to the sweet path of virtue
Their faltering footsteps to win?

Is it given of food to the hungry,
The cold and the shivering to clothe,
Have comforted mourners in sorrow,
And the hearts of the sick have made glad?

Then methinks the kind Father in Heaven
In items will tally our record,
And square our accounts with the Old Year
Before we begin with the New.

Atlanta Constitution.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

Strange Dishes That Are Eaten

By Different People.

Reptiles, Dog Meat, Bears' Paws, Elephants' Feet, Moose's Noses and Odd Parts of Other Animals for Gourmets to Revel Upon.

Nothing is more variable than national diet, except it be national appetite. An Italian is content with a handful of bread and grapes, while an Englishman can devour twenty pounds of flesh a day, and a Tartar is mentioned by Captain Cochrane in his travels who consumed in four-and-twenty hours the hind quarter of a large ox, three of the same tribe thinking nothing of polishing off a reindeer at a meal.

But even more varied than amount is kind. The New Brunswickers find a special charm in the loose nose of the moose deer. Sharks' fins and fish-tails, uncooked and pickled, and sea slugs and birds' nests are all prized by the omnivorous Chinese. The Parisians eat horse-flesh; and in the Exhibition of 1881 M. Brochebier showed and sold delicious cakes, patties and bonbons of bullock's blood, rivaling the famous marmos places of the confiseries of the boulevards. This seems almost a triumph of art. In Havana the shark is openly sold in the market, and the Chinese ascribe special invigorating virtues to its fins and tail. The Cold Coast negroes are all fond of sharks, as they are of hippopotami and alligators, and the Polynesians are also very fond of shark's flesh quite raw. Other people beside the Gold Coast negroes feed on and enjoy reptiles. We ourselves eat one of the tribe when we consume calipash and calipash. But though we revel in turtle, we will have nothing to do with the tortoise; yet half the soup eaten in Italy and Sicily is made out of the land tortoise, boiled down to its essence. In some of the West India Islands land tortoises are in much repute. The eggs of the close tortoise (Geosternus) are held a delicacy in North America, and Sir Walter Raleigh told his fainting men on "tortugas eggs" while sailing up the Orinoco.

In both North and South America the salt water tortoise is a fat and delicious luxury, and its eggs are much prized. The hideous, scaly iguana comes out better in the trial than its outside promises; skillfully cooked it resembles chicken in flesh and taste in flavor. It is really excellent eating; like chicken or rabbit when stewed or curried; like turtle when dressed as turtle should be, and like hare when turned into soup, its small soft-shelled eggs being equal to those of the turtle in flavor. Indeed, the eggs of most reptiles are wonderfully appetizing, but none more so than those of the harmless, hideous, yet delicious iguana, unless it be the eggs of the despicable land tortoise. Crocodiles, lizards and frogs are all eaten and enjoyed by certain people. The typical crocodile is like veal, but some species have a strong flavor of musk, and some are like young, juicy pork, which devours every lobster. Others, again, have a powerful fishy taste, very disagreeable. On the whole, therefore, crocodile is uncertain eating, and not to be ventured on with rashness. Alligator is supposed to be invigorating and restorative, and at Manila is sold at high prices, the Chinese clutching at the dried skin, which they use in their awful messes of gelatinous soup. Alligator is likened to a flying pig, but its eggs have a musty flavor.

The French are notoriously addicted to frogs, which command a high price in New York also, where they sell the large bullfrog, sometimes weighing half a pound, as well as the tender little green animal (rana esculenta), whose hind legs taste so like delicate chicken when served with white sauce in restaurants and hotels of Paris and Vienna. Of course frogs do not escape the Chinese, who devour every thing with blood and fiber; and the negroes of Surinam eat the loathsome Surinam toad. Monkeys are also considered good eating in some countries. African peoples are never more charmed than when they can dine off a highly seasoned, tender young monkey, baked in gypsy fashion in the earth. The great red monkey, the black spider monkey and the howling monkey are all eaten by the various peoples among whom they are found. The flesh of the monkey is said to be both nutritious and pleasant. One species of bat is considered good eating by the natives of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, Malabar, etc.; it is called by naturalists the edible bat, and is said to be white, tender and delicate; but, for all that, it is a hideous beast, like a weasel, with a ten-inch body, covered with close and shining black hair, and with four feet wings, when stretched to their full extent.

In some countries even the fox is considered a delicacy; in the Arctic regions,

where fresh meat is scarce, when judiciously made into a pie, it is considered equal to any rabbit, under the same conditions, ever bred on the Sussex downs. But, strange to say, the Esquimaux dogs, which will devour almost every thing else, will not touch fox. Cats and dogs readily find purchasers and consumers in China, where they are hung up in the butchers' shops, together with badgers—tasting like wild boar—and other oddities of food.

In the South Seas, too, a dog is a favorite dish, and a puppy stew is a royal feast in Zanzibar; but it is only fair to say that where a dog is eaten it is especially fattened for the table and fed only on milk and such like cleanly diet. The Australian native dog, or dingoo, is eaten by the blacks, but by no one else; and a South African will give a cow for a good-sized mastiff. The American panther and the wildest of Louisiana are said to be excellent eating; so is the puma, which is so like veal in flavor that one hardly knows the difference. Lion's flesh, too, is almost identical with veal in color, taste and texture. Bears' paws are long a German delicacy, and the flesh is held equal or superior to pork, the fat being as white as snow. The tongue and hams are cured, but the head is accounted worthless and thrown away. The ladder tastes like wild boar. The Australian kangaroo is not much inferior to venison, and kangaroo-tail soup is better than half the messes which pass in London under the name of ox-tail soup. Hashed wallaby is a dish to excite disclaim, and there is a small species of kangaroo as good as any hare ever cooked. An Australian native banquet is an odd mixture. Kangaroo and wallaby, opossums and flying squirrels, kangaroo tails, wombats and bandicoots represent the pieces of resistance, while rats, mice, snakes, snails, large white maggots, worms and grubs form the little dishes and most favored entrées. A nice fat marmos is a treat—why not? They are quite pure feeders.

The muskrat of Martinique is eaten, though indifferently loathsome to a European; but the sleek rats of the sugar cane plantations make one of the most delicate delicacies of the natives, tender, plump, cleanly and luscious are they. The Chinese are in a rat paradise in California, where the rats are enormously large, highly flavored and very abundant, rat-soup being considered by all right-minded Celestials to beat ox-tail or gravy soup hollow. The Indians eat the beaver, which is said to be like pork, and p-cupine is a fine favorite with the Dutch and the tentacles of the Cape, and the Hudson Bay trappers and, indeed, with all the inhabitants of the country, where the creature is found, the flesh being good and delicate, and, moreover, accounted exceedingly nutritious.

Elephant's feet, pickled in strong tamarind vinegar and covered with pepper, are considered in Ceylon an Apician luxury. The trunk is said to resemble buffalo's hump, and the fat is so highly prized by the Bushmen that they will go at any distance for it. Hippopotamus fat is also considered a treat. When salted it is thought superior to our breakfast bacon, and the flesh is both palatable and nutritious, the fat being used for all the ordinary uses of butter. Birds are of large importance in the supplies of human food, and not only birds, but birds' nests as well, at least with the Chinese, whose dainties are always peculiar. These nests are brought from Java and Sumatra, and are like thin, ill-connected islands, inclining to red about the size of a goose's egg and as thick as a silver spoon. When dry they are brittle and wrinkled and worth twice their weight in silver. The most famous is the bird's nest (Hirundo esculenta), which is the only edible one known. Many are the delicious morsels afforded by birds. The hecaton in the fig season; the bronze-winged pigeon of Australia, when the seeds are ripe; the young fat, hideous diabolio or goat-sucker, if taken when a tender nestling, and the same bird, when older, if taken when the palm is in fruit; the rice-bird, of South Carolina, when the rice is ripening; and the ortolan, more luscious of idealized fat that it is—these are among the most celebrated of the smaller tid-bits, not forgetting the snipe, the quail and the woodcock of our own land.

Some people eat insects, the grub of the palm weevil being held in much favor in the East and West Indies, and the grubs of most beetles in some other quarters of the globe. The Moors think a fine, fat locust superior to any other food, and the Hottentots make soup of their eggs. The thrifty Chinese first wind off the cocoon, and then send the chrysalis of the silk-worm to the table. Spiders are delicacies of the desert. The Bushmen, snail and slug eaters and partisans. The Chinese gloat over sea slug or beche de mer, and a dish of a certain sea worm is one of the events of life to the dwellers in the islands of the South Seas. The people of Chili eat barnacles as we eat whelks, and the Hottentots devour handfuls of roasted caterpillars, which taste like sugared cream or almond paste, and stand to them in the place of sugar plums and comfits. What a blessing it would be if we could persuade our rising population to exchange sweetmeats and lozenges for nice young caterpillars roasted in the ashes! Think how the farmers would gain by the exchange!—Huntsford's Words.

A Hint to Girls.

Some one has said that there are thousands of ruined Englishmen roaming about the Continent because they could never persuade themselves to lead tramps at whist. Similarly, there are thousands of women living only half lives because they have never taken the trouble to examine their cards, find out which is their strong suit and study how to play it with the highest skill. If girls were only taught to concentrate their energies upon what they are really clever at and would learn to do that something as well as it possibly could be done, they are very few of them who would not be able to earn a living if necessary.—London Truth.

—Women in Japan no longer blacken their teeth, and they now smile at their native comeliness.

CHARMING COMO.

The Characteristics and Surroundings of Italy's Most Beautiful Lake.

More than two-thirds of the beautiful villas on Lake Como are owned by English people, who come down through Switzerland and France between the 1st and 10th of August, and remain until the end of October, usually. The most magnificent, though by no means the most charming villa on the lake is the property of the Viscountess Madoria, and was formerly the summer home of the Countess Raimondi, the daughter of Garibaldi. It is a large white marble building, with three great doors in front, over which hang heavy canvas curtains at present, and before which the family congregates about five o'clock in the afternoon to take some light refreshments and chat until dinner time. The grounds are extremely beautiful, being wild and woolly in parts, with quaint grottos and curving fountains here and there, and the lawns dotted with immense magnolia and lemon trees. A great gilt crown surmounts the center pinnacle, and on the iron gate is written the word "L'Orman," the name of the place. The lodges, one at each end of the grounds, are also of white marble. The Viscountess entertains a great deal, giving many dinners, lawn parties, fancy balls, etc. Just above, on the mountain side, is the lovely country palace of Monsieur and Mme. Capada, who were both famous singers here in Italy, some ten years ago.

Further up on the lake are the old villas of Tagliioni and Vasta, where these celebrities once lived. A little farther on is a beautiful island, formerly fortified, which played an important part in the military annals of the Middle Ages. Charming ruins and a few modern houses cover a portion of it now, but the old guide still shows you shadowy looking caves that the spirits of the thousand witches burned in Como in 1624 are said to haunt continually, and on the highest promontory, of the little island stands a rickety bell tower among the azalea and camellia bushes, and there, every May day, goes a young peasant lad of the vicinity to ring the bell and call all the young men and maidens within hearing together, that from among them he may choose the maid he loves best to be his bride. The custom is very old and very regularly observed in the lake districts, and no spot could be more fitting assuredly than that on the beautiful Island of Comocino. At the upper end of the lake are the two beautiful resorts of Bellagio and Cadenabbia. Charming balconies from hotels, restaurants and villas hang over the water's edge, and the view in every direction is enchanting. At Bellagio the tourist may purchase the silk blankets and scarfs of rich Roman colors, or the lace that the little girls make, sitting in front of the houses on the narrow streets; also the tiny wooden shrubs of Italian peasant girls. At Cadenabbia is the famous Villa Cotta, the property of the Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen. The terraced gardens are beautiful beyond description, and the tiny landing place (steps and breakwater all of white marble) is one of the prettiest on the lake. In the great hall of the house is Thorvaldsen's frieze, representing Alexander's triumph. Several works of Canova are there also. First, and always first for beauty and grace among the great works of the sculptor is his "Cupid and Psyche." The combined power and airy lightness of design seem almost to endow the marble with life, and one half expects to see the two exquisite figures move and fly away, or step from their cold, black pedestal into the light and sunshine to rest with the butterflies among the flowers. There are but two or three places of any historic interest on Lake Como, and of these the town of Como itself is the chief.

On the top of a hill, which forms the background of the town, stands a most picturesque ivy-covered old tower. Not a window, crack or crevice breaks the stretch of stone from top to bottom, and its curious construction almost tells its cruel history.

Sometime in the fifteenth century a Duke of Como loved a beautiful Venetian lady, who, however, preferred a young lord of her native city. This Duke, infuriated at the rejection of his suit, vowed vengeance upon the luckless lover, and added the tower mentioned above to his splendid castle. There he waited, like all evil spirits in legends, until just before the marriage of the happy pair, when he took the young man prisoner one night, and bearing him to his own domain, lowered him with ropes into the dark round tower. There he left him, and the third night after, so the story goes, the peasants in the neighborhood saw a white dove fly from the tower and bear straight to Heaven a human heart; and to this day the old Castle Baradella (such it is called) is the favorite haunt of doves, above his splendid castle. What a no good peasant ever kills one without breathing an Ave Maria or devoutly crossing himself. At the northern end of the lake is a ruined castle of the thirteenth century, a few yards from which there is a rocky pass bearing the peculiar appellation, "Orange Juice." In 1799, when the Russians were invading the territory, several hundred pushed up to this castle of Rezzonico and were surprised and overpowered by the Italians, who flung them to the last one down the dreadful gorge. Not a Russian escaped alive.—Cor. Omaha Bee.

—Ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has recently had an operation performed on his right eye, which had been sightless for twenty years. The sight was instantly restored.—Philadelphia Press.

INTERESTING DECISION.

Persons Bitten by Dogs Entitled to Recover Damages From Their Owners.

In the State vs. McDermott the New Jersey Supreme Court holds that a person bitten by a dog may recover damages from the owner, upon evidence that the dog, with the knowledge of the owner, had a mischievous tendency to bite, whether in anger or not. In either case the persons bitten would suffer injury. A mischievous propensity, from which injury is the natural result. In the case of Hudson vs. Roberts, 6 Exch. 699, it appears that the plaintiff was walking in the street wearing a red handkerchief. The ball of defendant, ordinarily gentle and quiet, and not known to have gored any person previously, was being driven along the street when he attacked and gored the plaintiff. The defendant said that the red handkerchief did it, and that he knew the bull would run at any thing red. The plaintiff recovered. The bull had no hostile feeling against the man he injured, and no disposition to gore mankind, but because of his mischievous propensity to rush at a red object, of which his owner knew, it was held that when he caused injury to plaintiff through that propensity, his owner should pay damages. A domesticated bear may hug a man until his ribs are broken. This may be the mode adopted by the animal to manifest his affection; yet if he had on other occasions previously shown his affection in that way, causing injury, and his owner knew of such propensity, the owner would have to pay damages caused by breaking the man's ribs. It is true that the bear is classed with animals *ferae naturae*, and that the presumption, in such case, would be that although domesticated, the animal had relapsed into his wild habits, yet although the presumption on the question of *scienter* would be against the owner, he might be able to prove that the habit of embracing persons did not proceed from the savage nature of the bear, but, under the influence of civilization, from a cultivated affection. But this proof would be held to be mischievous, because hurtful to those who were the objects of the bear's affection. In the case of Oaks vs. Spaulding, 40 Vt. 347, it appeared that Mrs. Oaks was driving cows home from pasture, when the ram of Spaulding attacked and injured her. It was shown that the ram had a propensity to butt mankind, and that the defendant knew it, but it did not appear whether the previous buttings by the ram proceeded from an ugly disposition, or from the exuberance of a playful spirit; yet it was held that the defendant was liable. It did not cure the hurt nor assuage the pain of the woman to the extent of the ram, when he butted her, was only in one of his accustomed sportive moods. It might have been fun for the ram, but it was hurtful to Mrs. Oaks. It was a mischievous propensity, whether proceeding from ugliness of temper or from good nature, which, if known to the owner of the ram, made him liable for damages resulting from such propensity. There is no doubt that in cases of animals not naturally inclined to do mischief a previous mischievous propensity must be shown, and the *scienter* clearly established. The gist of the action is not the keeping of the animal, but the keeping with knowledge of mischievous propensity, whether proceeding from a savage disposition or not. The conclusion is that the plaintiff had shown by his proof that on several previous occasions the dog in question had bitten various persons on the hand, with knowledge of the defendant, he was entitled to recover, even if the habit did not proceed from a ferocious nature, but was the result of a mischievous propensity.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

SMART YOUNG WOMAN.

How She Subdued a Dainty Youth With Matching Propensities.

A young lady of Rome was on a train returning from Utica the other day. Across the aisle from her sat a young man—one of the "I'm-a-dandy-but-I'm-a-lad" kind—whose home is in Utica. He undertook to get up a flirtation with the young lady. After ordering her awhile, he succeeded in catching her eye. She smiled one of those "Oh-you-fool" kind of smiles that are not reassuring to the person upon whom they are bestowed. While he was debating in his mind as to whether he had better undertake to carry his matching scheme any further, the news agent dropped a book into his seat. He picked it up, hid his face behind it a moment, and then tossed it across into the young lady's seat. She opened it and appeared to be deeply interested at once. The news agent returned to gather up his books and stopped in front of the Utican with an inquiring look. The young lady paid no attention to anything outside the pages of the book. The would-be masquerade, hoping the young lady would look up and take in the situation. But she seemed to be oblivious to surroundings. The only thing that interested her was the book. The Utican did not have the nerve to ask the young lady for the volume nor to call the attention of the news-agent to the fact that she had it, for the agent evidently thought that the young man had given it to her. It finally dawned on the young man that the most graceful way out of the trouble was to pay for the book, so he went down in his pocket and produced the required price. During the remainder of the ride to Rome he remained in gloomy meditation, while the young lady continued her reading with evident satisfaction. When the young lady left the car the cute young man never looked up.—Poughkeepsie News-Letter.